AN
ODE

Humbly Inſcrib'd to His GRACE

THE

Lord-Archbiſhop of *Canterbury*,

ON HIS

MAJESTY's

Happy ACCESSION.

Jam fides, & pax & honor, pudorque
Priſcus, & neglecta redire Virtus
Audet; apparetque beata pleno
Copia cornu. Hor.

Duo modo hæc opto: Unum, ut moriens populum Romanum liberum relinquam: Hoc mihi majus à Diis immortalibus dari nihil poteſt: Alterum, ut ita cuique eveniat, ut de Republica quiſque mereatur.
Cic. in M. Ant.

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AN ODE

Humbly Inscrib'd to His GRACE the

Lord Archbishop of *Canterbury*,

ON

His Majesty's Happy Accession.

THY long neglected Voice, sweet *Clio*, raise,
And tune once more thy sacred Harp to Praise;
Strong, yet harmonious let thy Lays appear,
Such as sweet *TENNISON*'s judicious Ear,
Or our Imperial *GEORGE*, without Contempt may hear.

Such was thy Strength, such did thy Numbers seem,
When *WILLIAM*'s Godlike Actions were thy Theme:

Or,

Or, when the Love of Liberty inſpir'd,
Or, when thy glowing Breaſt the HERO fir'd,
Thy MARLB'ROUGH was ador'd, Thy Song admir'd.

Oh, *TENNISON!* ſo faſt th' Ideas riſe,
Which paint Thy Worth to our admiring Eyes,
That as the Muſe the Godlike Draught eſſays,
Thought, with variety of Thought, decays,
Thy Brightneſs ſtrikes her Sight ſo many Ways.
Such Scenes of Wonder fill each ſacred Page
Which bears the Record of thy Rev'rend Age;
Each Year of which does ſuch true Merit boaſt,
That, in the Choice, her ſprightly Fancy's loſt.

Whether, Oh faithful Paſtor! we behold
Thy tender CARE to thy own happy Fold!
Or, thy extenſive CHARITY ſurvey,
Not bounded by the Limits of thy Sway!
Or in thy Learned ARGUMENTS we trace
Our Church's Pride, Her Enemy's Diſgrace!

Inſidious *Jeſuits*, here, with Shame retreat,
(When urg'd by Thee, what cannot TRUTH defeat!)
And there, incroaching SYNODS ſtrove in vain
To wreſt from THEE that Pow'r they ſhou'd maintain.

Oh! where, Ambition, will thy Fury ceaſe?
Since thou could'ſt fire ev'n Miniſters of PEACE!

That Pow'r, divinely plac'd, they may perceive,
Since thou didſt uſe it only to FORGIVE.

Sweet

Sweet was It's Uſe when It forgave their Hate,
And made Thy ſhining Character compleat.

Each ſhifting Scene ſome Heav'nly Beauty ſhows,
The SAINT appears in all the PRIMATE does.

On a firm *Baſis* has thy Judgment ſtood,
T' aſſert the Church's Peace, thy Country's Good:
Oh happy Mixture! Heav'nly temper'd Mind!
Where both the PRIEST and PATRIOT we find.

When a long Life of Virtue had prepar'd
The Righteous *Simeon* for his great Reward,
The glorious *SAVIOUR* of the World aroſe
To bleſs his longing Eyes before their Cloſe;
So to reward thy Vows, thy Joys to crown,
To thy deſiring Eyes GREAT *GEORGE* is ſhown,
A SECOND Saviour on the *Britiſh* Throne.

For, if the Muſe may Things divine compare
With PRINCES, who have made Mankind their Care,
WILLIAM and *GEORGE* to *Britain Saviours* were.

Raſh Muſe forbear! — nor with unequal Lays
Debaſe the Glorious Subject thou woud'ſt raiſe!
Tho' Fame allures; nay, tho' Divine the Song,
The trembling Accents die upon thy Tongue.
Cato's Great Author can alone ſuſtain
The Riſing Grandeur of our Monarch's Reign.

That Muſe ſublime ſhall like an Eagle riſe,
And ſoaring, bear his Name to kindred Skies;
With equal Force ſhall ſtrike a lofty Strain,
To ſing th' Immortal Triumphs *GEORGE* ſhall gain:
The Godlike MAXIMS of his HOUSE diſplay,
Which ſpeak HIM Born for the Imperial Sway, [obey.
Who knows to CHERISH Friends, and make his Foes
Who grants ſtrict JUSTICE ſhall to all be ſhown,
Fearleſs, to fix like *JOVE*'s, the *Britiſh* Throne;
That LAW, RELIGION, PROPERTY ſecure
To nameleſs Generations ſhou'd endure,
And ſhow what TROPHIES are reſerv'd to grace
The future Heroes of the *BRUNSWICK*-RACE.

Mine, like the Bee, ſtill ſeeks the flow'ry Plains,
And if with grateful Toil ſome Sweet ſhe gains,
Proud, ſhould her little Store Acceptance meet,
When humbly laid beneath Your GRACE's Feet.